

ARTIST COMPLIMENTS THE PRINCE OF WALES

Flameng, the French Portrait Painter, Found Him a Good Model.

BRITISH JUSTICE AT WORK

Queen Mary Caught Costless in the Rain—War and Votes for Women.

LONDON, July 6.—The Prince of Wales has a first class certificate as an artist's model from M. Francois Flameng, the French portrait painter.

The Prince, it appears, does not sit like a ramrod, as if he were getting his photograph taken, but gossips genially with the artist, thus keeping his face animated. He is also a model of punctuality. He arrived at the studio every day but one with Monte Cristolike punctuality. On the single day when he was behind time he telephoned to M. Flameng to say that the delay was due to the bursting of one of the tires of his automobile—tires have no respect for royalty.

In Flameng's picture the Prince is figured as a naval cadet. By the way, he brought joy to London when he arrived here a week ago for the celebration of his birthday. He wore a bright purple necktie with his top hat and morning suit. Now may the present gloom which befalls masculine costume in this ancient city may be partially dispelled.

GERMAN B. W. AT SUFFRAGE.

A German newspaper has given the London suffragettes the hardest knock yet. The *Leipziger Neueste Nachrichten* is out with an article fully revelling in the prospect of English women obtaining votes and getting control of the Government of the country, an event which it considers quite certain in the near future.

"When John Bull hoists the petticoat instead of the Union Jack on the masts of his ships," it says, "Germans need not distress themselves about naval supremacy. Where the spindle rules, the vigor of manhood declines."

NEWSPAPER FOR WALL COVERINGS. It appears that British newspapers are of some use, especially when they grow old. They end them to China, where they are used as wall paper. Last year \$7,000,000 pounds of them were exported, bringing in the sum of \$3,000,000.

In all the better English rural schools they encourage the children to read the newspapers these days. As a result there is a great campaign of bird nesting in progress. It has recently been chronicled that in the village of Theix in the Morbihan, France, two children discovered recently a purse containing the equivalent in French money of £100 in a magpie's nest.

BRITISH JUSTICE.

Inflexible English justice appears to have certain amount of elasticity. They have been reducing the severity of the sentences of suffragettes who deliberately damaged property or conspired to do so, apparently because they have a large and influential backing in Parliament and among the voters. But there is no prospect of mercy for a young woman of 26 who was sentenced to two months imprisonment a few days ago for giving way to a natural impulse of affection.

It appears that Ellen Butler, married, of Penn street, Hoxton, had a sister Jessie who was wayward and was sent to an industrial school. Jessie escaped one day and fled to her sister's home.

The sister, instead of dragging her to the nearest police station, gave her shelter for a night or two. She says she didn't even know that the girl had been under detention, but no matter, an inflexible Magistrate could see no palliation for her crime and sentenced her, although she had a young baby in her arms.

The woman swooned in the dock on receiving the sentence and had to be carried out to the jail. As she is just as humble as she is respectable there is no hope of the Home Office's taking up the case.

BURY CLAPHAM JUNCTION.

A London paper has started a discussion as to what is the best known railway station in the world. Charing Cross, Waterloo and St. Pancras seem to be in the lead from the English point of view, but the paper itself is inclined to think that Clapham Junction has the best claim to renown on account of the enormous traffic that passes through it.

One cabin at the junction deals with no less than 1,300 scheduled trains in the twenty-four hours, and besides there are numerous special trains and an immense number of shunting movements. The junction also has some mention in literature to its credit. Yet it may be wondered

PORTRAIT OF QUEEN ALEXANDRA ETCHED BY HELLEU



Little Lord Malcolm, Son of the Duchess of Hamilton.

If one person in 10,000 in the United States ever heard of it.

PADEREWSKI'S RIVAL.

Truly Paderewski was in hard luck when he visited South Africa. It would seem that the Colony which floated him is not wholly impervious to the charms of high art when it takes the form of piano playing.

A despatch from Cape Town tells us that "Mr. William Kendall, the young South African pianist," broke the world's record on Saturday night, June 1, when he completed seventy-four hours of continuous playing. There was a crowded house to witness the finish.

Mr. Kendall, who is only 23 years old, concluded the task in good form with "Rule Britannia" and the national anthem. Evidently Paderewski's management entirely misunderstood the artistic standard of the new confederation.

COSMOPOLITAN LONDON.

A man with nothing useful to do took a walk on Aldwych and Kingsway the other day and counted noses. As a result he wrote to a newspaper exploiting the cosmopolitanism of London.

He says that in fifteen minutes he encountered: One Arab in flowing burnous and white turban, two Turks in frock coats and talbous, seven obvious Americans, and probably more who were not obvious, a couple of Danes, wearing Alexandra Day crosses and talking volubly in their native tongue; a leucar, two Indian students with gold spectacles; an alert Japanese; a Siamese; and three gesticulating Germans. "The rest of the passers-by," he says, "were 'partly Britons'."

NEW LIGHT ON CLEOPATRA'S FATE.

Mr. Port Ridge tells this story, and it is probably true:

A Cockney youth wrote in an examination paper that Cleopatra committed suicide by taking a hot bath. This impressed the examiner so much that he might have known by using his ears, the Cockney pronunciation of "vipe" and "vapor" are absolutely identical.

QUEEN HAS NO RAINCOAT.

Queen Mary's recent visit to Cardiff reveals the fact that she hasn't a cloak to her back. It appears she never goes out in wet weather when she can help it, and when she was caught in the down-pour last Tuesday and didn't want to disappoint her subjects she hadn't a thing to protect her from the rain.

The Marchioness of Bute came to the front and supplied a raincoat, which the Queen wore during the drive through the city. This being a very nice little country, it is solemnly announced that the history of this cloak is to be inscribed on parchment and pinned to it and the garment is to be put away among the archives of the Bute family to rejoice the hearts of its future generations.

SONG BIRD AS A NOISY ANIMAL. William Smith, of Upper Holloway, was summoned to the English Point Police Court a few days ago for "keeping a noisy animal," to the annoyance of his neighbors.

It appears that Smith owns an ill-regulated thrush which starts singing every morning at 3.30 o'clock. Smith weakly pleaded that it was a lovely songster with a nice mellow note.

In order to escape inflexible British justice he had to promise to bottle it up in a back room every morning until a respectable hour, or the awakening of the neighborhood.

GERMANY REJECTS HONEYED WORDS

Uproar Over Lord Haldane's Speech Praising the Kaiser.

EULOGY CALLED A SNARE

Incident Which Throws Light on the Relations of the Two Countries.

LONDON, July 6.—The true nature of the relations between the Germans and the English people may be appraised from a recent incident.

Last Saturday Lord Haldane, who was recently a sort of peace emissary to the German Government, made a speech at the Savoy Hotel at the sixtieth anniversary of the German Hospital at Dalton, in which he indulged in a eulogy of the Kaiser. Proposing his health and that of the Emperor of Austria, Lord Haldane, who since his visit to Berlin has become Lord Chancellor, said:

"The German Emperor is something

more than an Emperor; he is a man, and a great man. He is gifted from the gods with the highest gift that they can give. I shall use a German word to express it. He has got Geist in the highest degree.

"He has been a true leader of his people, a leader in spirit as well as in deed. He has guided them through nearly a quarter of a century, and preserved unbroken peace. We know no record of which a monarch has better cause to be proud.

"In every direction the German Emperor's activities have been remarkable. He has given his country that splendid fleet which we know about fleets admire. He has preserved the traditions of the greatest army the world has ever seen.

"But in the arts of peace he has been equally great. He has been a leader of his people in education, and in solving great social questions. History will look back upon his reign as one remarkable for the great development of the German people in every direction of intellectual and moral activity.

"That is a great record, and it makes one feel a sense of rejoicing that the man who is associated with these things should be half an Englishman."

One would think that this was laying on praise thickly enough to satisfy even the most exacting Teuton. But, so far from giving any satisfaction, the speech has provoked an outburst of rage in Germany.

The German newspapers describe it as fulsome, offensive flattery obviously prompted by ulterior motives.

The *Berliner Neueste Nachrichten*, which is owned by the Krupp interests comments in these words:

"Last year England tried the whip on us. Now she is proffering us sugar-coated stuff. The object is the same—to arrest our promising rise to great sea power."

"The newest thing in that line is Lord Haldane's attempt to ensnare us with honeyed words, an attempt which is all the more unsympathetic because it is aimed at the person of the Kaiser and under cover of the most brazen and exaggerated compliments discloses the incorrigible arrogance of the British."

"Lord Haldane himself must know that the description of the Kaiser as 'half an Englishman' can only offend the German nation. It is a direct affront to us to ascribe the effusively overpraised virtues of the Kaiser to his alleged English personality."

The noble lord, who ranks as a master of back door intrigue, adroitly hopes, by indulging in a bombastic panegyric, to detach the imperial person from that portion of the nation which realizes that Germany's only salvation is a strong and energetic foreign policy. Our Kaiser is a German through and through and will not be misled by such unscrupulous adulation."

The *Post*, also a spokesman of the war party, says:

"The speech justifies the fear that some real and practical object is behind the thick clouds of incense which the Chancellor poured forth. We have heard words enough of this sort from the English, now let us see deeds."

An English paper to-day humorously replies to these strident remarks that no good ever comes of half-measures. Evidently if Haldane wanted to please the Germans he should have said that the Kaiser was an Englishman through and through.



Portrait of Queen Alexandra done in dry point by Helleu, the French etcher, in connection with the recent celebration of the forty-ninth anniversary of her arrival in England for her marriage with King Edward, then Prince of Wales.



Countess of Ancaster.

"THE MOST DANGEROUS WOMAN."

Description Given to Mme. Sorgue, Who is Helping English Strikers.

LONDON, July 4.—At the head of the women in the recent "hunger march" of the strikers to Tower Hill was a picturesque looking Frenchwoman, who is becoming a familiar figure in the great industrial disputes in this country.

A syndicalist of a pronounced type, Mme. Sorgue has been described as "the most dangerous woman in Europe," nor did she seem to object to the description when interviewed the other day.

"Why am I dangerous?" she echoed with a laugh. "I suppose it is because I am identified with the most advanced form of syndicalism. My chief aim is to stir up the workers of the world to take combined action in order to realize international strikes, which will be the forerunners of the general strike that means social revolution."

"I represent the Federation of the ports and docks of France, the Seamen's Union of Marseilles, the Weavers Union of St. Quentin, and what is symptomatic, the powerful union of the Toulon Arsenal. I represent also the Camera del Lavoro of Parma, Italy."

"When I am in France I am the delegate of the British Dockers and Seamen's unions. I am identified with Tom Mann's propaganda, which is the policy of the French Confederation of Labor."

"Are you aware that this revolutionary syndicalism is being denounced by even the most pronounced Socialists in this country?"

Mme. Sorgue smiled.

"I know," she replied, "it is everywhere the same. It is inevitable that the policy of direct action advocated by syndicalists should clash with the principles of those who seek to achieve their objects by political expression."

Describing to discuss the general features of the present strike, she said: "I have been in something like fifty

DR. MAX NORDAU SEES DANGER IN CITY LIFE

A Growing Cause of Degeneration, Crime and Insanity, He Finds.

DRAIN ON THE COUNTRY

All Europe Affected by the Stress of Intensive Modern Culture.

LONDON, July 6.—Dr. Max Nordau has contrived a paper on the problem of degeneration to the *Hibbert Journal*. He deals with the increase of insanity and crime and with these milder forms of degeneration which are "the most dangerous for the community, because their destructive influence only gradually makes itself felt"; discusses one of the great causes of the degeneration—auto-intoxication and organic wear and tear through fatigue consequent on over-exertion—and points to the danger of the town. He says:

"In ever greater numbers the population makes its way from the country to the town, to exchange agricultural occupations for labor in workshops and factories. The number of people that dwell in towns of over 100,000 inhabitants is everywhere swelling; everywhere among civilized nations the tendency appears to transform a people that lives on the land and raises natural products into a people of great cities, producing differentiated goods."

"The process produces wealth and the world economy sets this on a level with happiness—a manifest illusion."

"Extreme State intervention in the sense of the socialistic programme would rescue the individual from the overexertion and fatigue that make him a progenitor of degenerates."

"Since, however, it seems chimerical to look for a realization of the integral socialistic programme at any date to which we can now look forward—modest tentative measures like Mr. Lloyd George's old age insurance are of no efficiency—we must regard this theoretically conceivable remedy for degeneration as practically inapplicable."

Degeneration, continues Dr. Nordau, has its chief home in the large town. He says:

"The large town gives the highest percentage of crime, insanity, and constitutional diseases; the large town is the focus of all the frenzies of fashion, all hysterical aberrations of public opinion, all anarchical movements in politics, social customs, morality. It is in the large town that celibacy and childlessness are most to be found."

"The stunted forms that we meet in the slums of East and Southeast London are the descendants of the gigantic peasants of Saxony, of Danish and Norwegian Hertford, of Jute Kent and of Anglian Northumberland. In the large town families which had originally the finest constitution disappear in four or five generations if they are not renewed by a continual infusion of fresh blood from the country."

"In London and Paris—the young cities of America cannot here come into question—there are probably not a hundred persons who can show a pedigree of 150 years, consisting on both sides of ancestors born in London or Paris."

The large town is an abyss in which the population that pours in from the whole country and from foreign lands oozes and trickles away. Dr. Nordau continues:

"But for that inflow from without it would be extinct in about a century and a half, since its population is now renewed out of its own resources. For the present the country population is still capable of feeding the large towns."

"But the day will come when the depopulated country will have no more reinforcements to bestow on the great city, and then the danger of national degeneration will have come very near to us. This danger will be European in its scope, since one people after another is adopting the large town civilization and the white race has no more barbarians in reserve to step into the weakened ranks and fill up their ranks."

In the stress of intensive modern culture the peoples that take the lead must needs wear themselves out. They cannot at the same time be rich and able, shine and endure, but only the one or the other

MILLET'S "ANGELUS" IN A MODERN SETTING



PARIS, July 4.—General support is given to the bill proposed by the Minister of Finance, Mr. Klotz, which, as has been cabled to THE SUN, imposes a high annual tax on advertising boards which disfigure the scenery. The committee of the French Chamber of Deputies, which now has it in hand, has so far only changed it in the direction of greater severity.

Naturally the Paris newspapers, which see no need for any one seeking publicity outside that afforded by their columns, gives wholehearted praise to the bill. Abel Faure, the *Figaro's* cartoonist, shows how Millet's "Angelus" would appear if painted to-day instead of fifty years ago.

FRENCH LECTURER FOR HARVARD



Prof. Emile Legouis

Prof. Emile Legouis of the Paris Sorbonne has been selected to deliver a course of lectures at Harvard University in the next academic year. English by delivering an excellent lecture in the chair of French language and literature at the American Club in Paris and at Washington's birthday last winter.

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